

Special Anniversary Issue

Original Goals

1. To serve as a nonprofit enterprise.
2. To remain nonpartisan in politics.
3. To remain neutral in religious matters.
4. To print news accurately and regularly.

Greenbelt News Review

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Vol. 26, No. 52

GREENBELT, MARYLAND

Thursday, November 29, 1962

Original Goals

5. To make its pages an open forum for civic affairs.
6. To develop a staff of volunteer writers.
7. To create a "Good Neighbor" spirit, promote friendship, advance the common good, and develop a "Greenbelt philosophy" of life. — November 24, 1937

25 Years of Continuous Publication

The First Five Years

The following account of the early years of the Greenbelt Cooperator was written by Anne Hull, upon the fifth anniversary of the newspaper.

The Greenbelt Cooperator has now come out weekly for five years without a break, which is something of a record for an amateur newspaper. It has had a hard life but a merry one under seven changes of editor and four of make-up, with staff personnel coming and going like butterflies, and finances eternally on the brink of disaster. As one editor cheerfully puts it, however, "There's always been enough money left over at the end of a year for a swell party!"

"Good Old Days"

This newspaper drew its first breath as a pet particular child of the Greenbelt Journalistic Club. Its birthdate is November 11, 1937, when 15 godfathers met to choose the first editor and staff. Five of these greybeards are still in town. If you want to hear about the good old days, ask Rae Sowell, who was secretary of the club; Levi Pittman and John Norvell, who served as illustrators on the original staff; and cub reporters Clifton Cockill and John P. Murray.

Control of the paper was vested in the citizens of Greenbelt, as each townsman was ipso facto a member of the Journalistic Club. Thus was set up probably the most democratic newspaper that ever served a community.

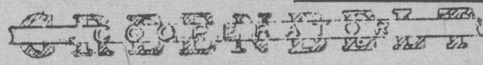
Mimeographed At First

The first issue of the Cooperator, dated November 24, 1937, is mimeographed on green, letter-sized sheets that are fastened with staples. Its editor was Louis Bessemer, who was also Greenbelt's first mayor. The quaint charm of olden times is revealed in stories of the delays in furniture delivery and the absence of street lights. The foodstore was still anticipating a grand opening. It is announced, with an exclamation mark, that "Greenbelt now has 169 families;" "the school has 94 pupils and 6 teachers." The names and platforms of the first 12 candidates for Town Council are given.

Editor Bessemer was succeeded in time by Editor Bob Volckhausen, who in turn gave way to Aaron Chinitz. Different departments and feature began to crystallize, some to enjoy only a brief span, others to run for long periods and have great popularity and influence. Some that we no longer have with us are the Wandering Photographer, The Inquiring Reporter, Mrs. Greenbelt, Custer's Last Stand (comments on current issues by our friend Howard Custer), and so on. Dorothy East edited a children's page. The Bull Pen, rough and rowdy comments on town topics, stepped on many a local toe in the course of its headlong career. Friends of the author finally persuaded him that it was no longer safe to continue, though many mourned the passing of the Bull Pen.

Format Changed

Editor Chinitz introduced in September, 1938, a snappy new 16-



Greenbelt's Own Newspaper	Greenbelt, Maryland	Published by its Citizens
Vol. 1, No. 1	Published Every Wednesday	November 24, 1937
NEW GROCERY STORE TO OPEN HERE SOON Co-Op Gas Station Starts Operations	JOURNALISTIC CLUB BEGINS WORK ON NEWSPAPER Consumer Services Aids Greenbelt Weekly	
Opening date of the new store has, for several weeks, been a topic of conversation with the business and politics as the most popular conversation piece in Greenbelt; and it is felt that at this time some word of its progress will be welcome.	The Greenbelt Journalistic Club held its first meeting Thursday evening, November 11, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes, 35 S Ridge Road.	
While Consumer Services is ready to open the store, there will be some delay until the premises are ready for occupation. Electricity and refrigeration have not yet been provided for, and as several holes have yet to be drilled through the eight inches of concrete floor, and plumbing lines have to be run through the building, it is unlikely that the store will be ready for several days.	More than fifteen persons participated in a general discussion on the best methods now available for the distribution of authentic news and announcements in Greenbelt.	
This announcement was made with deep regret by Mr. R. M. Templeman, store manager, who had hoped for an earlier opening date.	Several attending the meeting summarized their personal experiences in publicity and newspaper work and volunteered their services as reporters.	
The filling station, by way of compensation, has now been operating for several days. This will also be run according to the cooperative principle, meaning that the Greenbelt car owner may now buy gas as well as groceries cooperatively.	Tentatively, a plan was suggested to issue six numbers of the Cooperator, a weekly journal, covering matters of local community interest.	
(Continued on Page Two)	The principle generally adopted by club members is that any bulletin or newspaper in the community shall be non-partisan in politics, and cooperatively designed.	
	As its first venture the club will sponsor the Greenbelt Cooperator with the assistance of Greenbelt Consumer Services, Inc.	
	The club elected the following officers: Louis Bessemer, president; William R. Poole, vice president; (Continued on Page Seven)	

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1

page, letter-size Cooperator printed by the photo-offset process, which expanded to tabloid size the November of the following year, under Editor Donald H. Cooper. With his extensive newspaper experience, Don jacked up our professional standards to a high pitch. Under the new printing process pictures were quite cheap, and their presence enlivened the old sheet considerably. In June, 1940, our first editor-in-skirts, Lillian Schwartz, took over, succeeded in August by Health Association nurse Dorothea Ford (now Mrs. Sidney Henes). In October the editorial chair was vacant again, and remained so for four issues, until Francis Fosnight, our fiery photographer, popped in to it. Frank introduced the Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday work shift for the staff, in place of the Saturday-Sunday-Monday grind of yore.

Journalistic Club Changed

The old Journalistic Club was tottering badly at this point. Sad but true, the townsfolk of Greenbelt did not care enough about exercising their democratic rights as members of the Club to bother to attend its meetings, and help formulate the paper's policies.

Shedding a tear for the Wane of Democracy, or something, the staff reorganized itself in the fall of 1940 into the Greenbelt Publishing Association.

In August of 1941 the Cooperator went into the present printed style with Frank continuing as editor and with Don Cooper back on the staff as assistant editor. Two months later the Publishing Association incorporated itself as a security measure for the paper and as a protection for the staff.

— November 20, 1942

Looking Backward

Reminiscences of an Editor-for-a-Month

I took the reins of the Cooperator with little journalistic experience other than a weekly column in a country newspaper back home. I wasn't afraid though because the Cooperator was just a hometown paper and if one switched his nouns and pronouns a bit it wasn't so bad a breach.

One of my greatest worries was the feature writer who invariably would insist that we add a page in order to include every paragraph that he had written. No matter how much repetition there was, the paragraph I had cut was the most important; it was the life-blood of the story.

These feature writers were important though; I believe we have learned a good deal about Greenbelt from the stories that they have gone to the trouble of digging up. Some of them burned the midnight oil to turn out these masterpieces.

The composing staff, however, didn't have any oil to burn in the cold months of January and February. We had offices over the Food Store then and the heating system had not been installed. We looked like members of the Byrd expedition as we sat around punching typewriters, buried in heavy overcoats. Some of them can tell you what the winter atmosphere felt like at three o'clock in the morning too.

Numerous letters came in to the editor.

It was interesting to note that

First Issue of Paper Appeared Nov. 24, 1937

This week the Greenbelt News Review is starting its second quarter century of history. It was just twenty-five years ago — on November 24, 1937 — that the News Review (then known as the Greenbelt Cooperator) first saw the light of day.

It is no coincidence that the newspaper's anniversary coincides with that of the City of Greenbelt. From the first, a need was felt for a news medium to acquaint people with the latest developments in a rapidly growing town. It took the new residents only six weeks to organize such a news medium on a voluntary basis.

They could not know that this improvised arrangement would prove so enduring. As far as we have been able to learn, the News Review is the only newspaper of its kind in the country. Attempts have been made from time to time to organize similar journals with volunteer staffs. However, they have invariably collapsed after a short time.

This special anniversary issue has been prepared as a tribute to the literally hundreds of Greenbelters and former Greenbelters who gave their time so selflessly to the News Review as members of the staff. In putting together this supplement, we combed the back files of the paper for the most interesting, provocative, and noteworthy articles, columns, editorials, photographs, and cartoons of the past twenty-five years.

We hope you have as much fun reading the supplement as we did preparing it.

Resolution No. 15

CONGRATULATING THE GREENBELT COOPERATIVE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, INC., BETTER KNOWN AS THE NEWS REVIEW, ON THEIR 25TH ANNIVERSARY

WHEREAS, the month of November, 1962, marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of the Greenbelt News Review (previously named the Cooperator); and

WHEREAS, the City Councils serving during the past twenty-five years have recognized the important role that this local newspaper has played in disseminating the municipal news and actions of Council, to the citizens of Greenbelt; and

WHEREAS, this local medium of communication has indeed served the people of Greenbelt in a most faithful and inspiring manner in bringing the Greenbelt news to the residents of Greenbelt during the past twenty-five years; and

WHEREAS, the 25th Anniversary of the continued publication of "The News Review" is an appropriate occasion for the citizens of Greenbelt to express their appreciation and thanks to the staff, both present and past, of the News Review for their outstanding service to the community; now therefore

BE IT RESOLVED that the Council of the City of Greenbelt, Maryland, express its appreciation and thanks on behalf of the citizens of Greenbelt to the several editors, reporters, business managers and all of the members of the staff both present and past and extend congratulations on their 25th Anniversary.

PASSED by the Council of the City of Greenbelt, Maryland at the regular meeting, November 5, 1962.

Francis W. White
Mayor

the writer of one letter, which predicted our doom when we started charging five cents for the paper, is now much interested in the paper's finances. Another who wrote that we should change the name of the paper and finally ended his letter by saying it was a scandal sheet, is now one of its greatest crusaders.

Some wrote unsigned letters to the editor criticizing the paper for printing letters on dogs, and then on the same typewriter wrote constructive letters about some other

civic problem and signed their names (the perfect crime).

(William R. Poole,
Editor, Jan. - Feb. 1938)

Interview With Harry Zubkoff

"I didn't know the first thing about running a paper," said Harry Zubkoff. "I'd been dropping in at the News Review for a couple of months when the editor resigned, and somehow I found myself in charge. Probably, because everyone See INTERVIEW, page 5

GREENBELT NEWS REVIEW

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Published every Thursday by Greenbelt Cooperative Publishing Assn., Inc.
Greenbelt, Maryland

Delivered each week to every home in Greenbelt
Editor: Virginia Beauchamp, GR 4-6182
Associate Editor: Dorothy Sucher, 474-6690

EDITORIAL STAFF

Rita Fisher, Russell Greenbaum, Bess Halperin, Bernice Kastner, Sid Kastner, Betty Kuhn, Thea Lovell, Marilyn Morris, Isadore Parker, Joanne Philleo, Al Skolnik, Elaine Skolnik, Margaret Thompson, Dorothy White, Mary Louise Williamson and Harry Zubkoff
Business Manager: Dorothy White

Circulation Manager: Victor M. Fisher, GR 4-6787
Staff Photographer: George Hall

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Pres. Al Skolnik; Vice Pres., Dorothy Sucher; Secy., Mary L. Williamson; Treas., Harry Zubkoff and Bernice Kastner

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE: \$2.00 per year; (\$3.00 out of Greenbelt). Advertising and news articles may be submitted by mail (Box 68, Greenbelt), deposited in our box at the Twin Pines Savings and Loan Office or delivered to the editorial offices in the basement of 15 Parkway (GR 4-4131), open after 8:30 p.m., Tuesday. News deadline 9:30 p.m. Tuesday.

Volume 26, Number 52

Thursday, November 29, 1962

News Review Staff, October 1962



The News Review staff as of October 1962: Seated, left to right, is the board of directors: Bernice Kastner, Virginia Beauchamp, Alfred Skolnik, Harry Zubkoff, and Bess Halperin. Standing, left to right, Dorothy White, Sid Kastner, Dorothy Sucher, Mary Louise Williamson, Margaret Thompson, Elaine Skolnik, Russell Greenbaum, Thea Lovell, Victor Fisher, Rita Fisher, and Isadore Parker.

News Review Editors

Louis Bessemer	November 1937 - December 1937
William R. Poole	January 1938 - February 1938
Walter R. Volckhausen	March 1938 - June 1938
Howard C. Custer	July 1938 - August 1938
Aaron Chinitz	September 1938 - August 1939
(George A. Warner - coeditor)	February 1939 - June 1939
Donald H. Cooper	September 1939 - May 1940
Lillian Schwartz	May 1940 - August 1940
Dorothea Ford	August 1940 - November 1940
Francis Fosnight	November 1940 - June 1942
Donald H. Cooper	June 1942 - February 1943
Waldo Mott	June 1943 - November 1943
Don O'Reilly	November 1943 - September 1944
Anne Hull	September 1944 - July 1945
Eleanor Ritchie	July 1945 - April 1946
Ralph G. Miller	May 1946 - October 1946
Edith Nicholas	October 1946 - February 1947
Anne Hull	February 1947 - September 1947
Sally Meredith	September 1947 - October 1948
Edward Meredith	October 1948 - June 1949
Isadore J. Parker	June 1949 - December 1949
Sally Meredith	January 1950 - July 1950
Harry M. Zubkoff	July 1950 - May 1952
Janice Solet	May 1952 - October 1952
Ralph G. Miller	December 1952 - March 1953
Bernard Krug	April 1953 - October 1953
Harry M. Zubkoff	October 1953 - October 1954
Russell S. Greenbaum	October 1954 - January 1955
Harry M. Zubkoff	March 1955 - September 1955
Isadore J. Parker	October 1955 - September 1956
Harry M. Zubkoff	October 1956 - February 1960
Russell S. Greenbaum	February 1960 - May 1962
Virginia Beauchamp	June 1962 -

Loyal Editor's Wife

The life of a News Review editor's wife is no bed of roses, as indicated many times by our columnist, Vivian Greenbaum. Printed below is one of her most amusing columns, written after learning that her husband had just become editor.

The other night I read the News Review, and, along with the rest of Greenbelt, I found out that my husband is the new editor. I can understand why he neglected to tell me. For years now, he has gone to every board meeting with the words, "Don't come back editor," ringing in his ears.

When I approached him on the subject he seemed evasive, "Harry needs a rest," he said. "The strain is beginning to tell on him. There's a twitching of the shoulder, and a certain look in his eyes. What have you got against me being editor, anyway?"

"I have nothing whatsoever against you being editor," I replied. "What I object to is me being editor-in-chiefess or No. 1 Complaint Receiver for boo-boos pulled by the News Review. I'm a teensy bit reluctant to get on that merry-go-round again. You're at your office all day! What do you know about the Mrs. Gluckn-coops who call to complain about their names being misspelled?"

"I fully realize," said Russ, "that in the sanctuary of my office I am fortunately protected from my irate readers. But as my wife, it's your duty to act as my deputy, and to do it smilingly, cheerfully, and unflinchingly. And while we're on the subject, may I say that when an outraged citizen calls and announces he is going to plant a bomb in the News Review office, a loyal editor's wife wouldn't say 'Fine' and tell him when the staff is going to be there."

"He lost his nerve, the coward," I rejoined. "But I have more than one string to my bow. I'll bet that in my role of Complaint Receiver I can antagonize the people of Greenbelt to such an extent that they will start circulating a petition to get good old Harry back. As a matter of fact, I could probably start such a petition myself—underhanded, of course. Tell me just one thing though—how did you suddenly wind up as editor? I know—you were nodding in your sleep as you always do at a meeting, and they took this for a nod of consent."

"It wasn't like that at all!" Russ drew himself up indignantly. "When I arrived at the last board meeting, everyone was already there. They all stood up and someone started the phonograph playing 'Hail to the Chief.' I was informed that I had been unanimously elected editor, and every one started cheering and shaking my hand."

And that's how I began my second term as a loyal editor's wife.

— February 4, 1960

1937 - 1962 - 1987

The News Review has been responsible for many, and assisted in most, of the worthwhile things that have happened in Greenbelt—things that make living in Greenbelt so satisfying and stimulating.

During the next 25 years life in Greenbelt will become more complex; more varied interests will be represented here; some of our old organizations and institutions will be going stale: We'll have to run faster even to stay relatively where we have been.

A bigger, more inquiring, more critical News Review will be needed to help all of us meet the obstructions and the opportunities that lie ahead without losing the essentials as well as the flavor of our Community. If advertising won't support enough of it, turn to the people. They have demonstrated they'll support a fund drive. Make it an annual one if necessary. Twin Pines will do its part.

Twin Pines Savings & Loan Association

Editorials Viewed With Pride

The News Review has taken editorial stands on many topics during its lifetime. We have not always been right, our views have not always been shared by the citizenry, but here are a few positions we have taken that we are proud of.

Recreation Center

Enough time has elapsed so that unessential clubs and organizations in Greenbelt have died a natural death. Now we can examine again the need for a community building free from the pressure of the organizational boom which prevailed here during the first two years of the town's existence.

There are three places in Greenbelt available for indoor recreation and for meetings: The Elementary School, the firehouse-garage, and offices in the two shopping center structures. These are in almost constant use by church, cooperative, recreational, educational, and civic groups to such an extent that new organizations or expanded programs by existing ones can find no facilities available.

If available evidence demonstrates the need for a community building—and we believe it does—there remain two problems for solution. The first is a determination of the requirements of all residents of Greenbelt, so that the completed building may so far as possible be the answer to present and future demands for meeting space and recreational facilities.

The second problem is that of financing. Financial proposals will probably limit themselves to a subscription campaign or a bond issue. The first would be difficult because of low income here and would drag over an endless period of time. Bond issues, on the other hand, cost more in the end and plunge communities into debt entanglements from which they never emerge.

So there you are. We offer only the suggestion of a town situation crying for relief. If you need a community building badly enough you will bring your ideas and proposals to the Cooperator, to the Citizens Association and the Town Council. If you don't, you won't and we'll forget the whole matter for a while longer.

— October 24, 1940

Needed: Town Planning Commission

Back in the middle 1930's - 1933 to 1937 - a tremendous amount of time and manpower was put into the planning of the Greenbelt community. Thought was given to the street layout, the design of the houses, the town center, the type of commercial enterprises

See EDITORIALS VIEWED, page 3

Anthony Madden

Salutes

The Greenbelt News Review

on its

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary

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Editorials Viewed With Pride

(Continued from page 2)

which would be encouraged to invest here, the income limitations to be imposed on applicants, and all of the problems which had to be solved in setting up this new and model community on a tract of barren land. The old Resettlement Administration left a monument to itself in the job it did on planning Greenbelt.

From 1937 until 1948 the Federal government as landlord and the people of Greenbelt as citizens have concerned themselves almost entirely with the minutiae of operating the community. Thought and action has centered on hiring employees for the town, buying fuel for the houses, keeping the grass cut. Recent congressional action has forced a bit broader thinking on the landlord-tenant relationship, and more specially on whether we want to be our own landlord. And there are many other problems which will confront our town in its next few years. Some good fundamental thinking by community leaders is required, and this points up the need for a town planning commission.

It is apparent that the town council is busy with current operations and short range plans. A town planning commission, charged with specific responsibility for thinking, anticipating, and advising, and instructed to do its work in strictly long range terms, could, contribute immeasurably to the future of Greenbelt, as well as orienting current actions to long range goals.

— June 10, 1948

Sale of Greenbelt

From the first day that the Federal Government announced its intention to sell the project, Greenbelters were divided as to the desirability of forming a mutual housing cooperative to make the purchase. Some persons petitioned for continued tenancy status. Others argued that the project should be sold to private interests. In the following editorial, the newspaper took a stand for the housing cooperative.

Flight From The Facts

As the day of decision on the purchase of Greenbelt approaches several facts are taking shape through the rather hysterical atmosphere which has characterized the public reaction.

For one thing, we have grown soft. Having lived for so long in a planned community, protected more fully than we have realized from housing hazards outside our little "Eden", we have been trying to stall off our inevitable fate. But we cannot evade the fact that the tenor of our times has shifted in the 15 years since the start of the experiment we have been privileged to share; and that we, like everyone else in the world, must perforce adapt to the change.

We retain the physical advantages of a community whose original homes, lawns, playgrounds, playing fields, and landscaping were the best the most important talents of the Roosevelt Administration could devise. We retain, whether we realize it or not, a cooperative way of life. Very few residents have escaped getting involved in some kind of cooperative in Greenbelt, from nursery school to newspaper. It seems fitting that we continue in that spirit, to agree on our aim and work together toward its achievement.

Those residents who wish to buy their homes in Greenbelt, and sincerely distrust the alternatives, can be rightfully indignant at this evasion of reality on the part of wishful thinkers.

We believe that all residents who want to buy should be guaranteed their right to buy mutually, without interference from those who do not want to buy — and who must still adjust, like it or no, to the changes confronting them.

— April 3, 1952

Congratulations

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OF GREENBELT

Allene Oldson

474-6042

Greenbelt & D. C. Press

From the first, the Nation's press was fascinated with Greenbelt. The unique status of the town guaranteed that any unusual development would gain front-page headlines, not always of a favorable nature. In the following letter, one reader expresses his exasperation at the treatment accorded Greenbelt by part of the local metropolitan press:

To the Editor:

The sarcastic barbs of press ridicule leveled in the direction of what one Washington newspaper recently termed "Greenbelt - the Eden of the New Age", appear to be getting some sort of reaction. But there is still room for doubt whether the current boom of journalistic "horseplay" will be altogether detrimental to our general well being as citizens.

Early last spring Washingtonians were amazed to learn that Greenbelt housewives were not permitted to shake dust from their mops — except within very, very, restricted areas; to hang out their laundry — except when the Farm Security Administration, Town Manager, Town Council and Mayor published a manifesto declaring a field day; to dispose of garbage — except after each individual piece had been carefully wrapped, sealed and initialed.

These same Washingtonians literally gasped with astonishment when discovering Greenbelt citizens could squirt their garden hose in only one direction — and that over their roof-tops; that a regular house-to-house inspection was effected by the Government; and that no pictures could decorate the interior of their homes!

Of course, the above was gleaned from headlines and top-paragraphs of news stories only. Everything was more rationally explained in the body of the article. The main factor however, is the general impression definitely obtained by sketchingly perusing these misleading items, especially is this true when one's most trusted source of daily information tends toward those beliefs.

For example a government official stopped a clerk, whom he recognized as living in Greenbelt, and bluntly asked: "What do you really see D. C. PRESS, page 11

How To Get Attention

Newspaper people differ on what constitutes a good editorial. Some believe editorials should be analytical and factual. Others feel that editorials should have emotional appeal and knock readers off their seats. An example of the latter — with the reaction of a reader — follows:

Greenbelt Parasites

It is surprising what a small part of this town's population takes part in its civic and social life. The same names are prominent in organization after organization: the same person is president of this, secretary of that, and treasurer of still another.

A large number of our residents never turn up at Town Council, or Citizens' Association meetings; you don't find their names on the rosters of the different clubs, nor do they perform committee work for any of the other town organizations.

They live here with us, enjoying all the advantages Greenbelt offers, and they contribute nothing in return. To put it bluntly, they are parasites. And oddly enough, this group seems to be the source of most of the carping criticism and gossip, which goes on in our town. In fleeting moments this idle half or three quarters, or whatever it is, may be the object of envy in the eyes of some conscientious leader who feels worked to the bone. Maybe the parasites are smart to take it so easy. Then they may remember, if they've ever had occasion to find out, that idleness is usually the mother of boredom and irritation and feelings of gosh-what-a-world, and that a person who is out only for what he can get, doesn't get much of a kick out of life.

This blast is not directed at busy mothers, or people who continually work overtime at their jobs, or those poor duffers going to night school.

If it stirs up even a little resentment or slight activity in the ranks of the phlegmatic it will have served its purpose. It is with similar hopes that most editorials are written.

— September 5, 1940

Maybe You're Not So Bad

TO THE EDITOR:

Upon the second reading of your editorial entitled "Greenbelt Parasites", I ventured to peruse, with incredulous apprehension, a dictionary's definition of the word: "Parasite: one who frequents the table of a rich man and gains his favor by flattery; an animal or plant nourished by another to which it attaches itself; a hanger-on."

According to your definition, a "parasite" is a Greenbelt who "never turns up at Town Council or Citizens' Association, etc." Therefore, I, personally, am a parasite. This is difficult to reconcile with the facts that the only table I frequent is my own, and the good Lord above knows that I am no rich man; that albeit I am an animal attached and nourished to other animals: those animals are also attached to me; and that though I am forced to admit that I am a hanger-on, I am legally married to her.

Other thoughts occur, namely, that we "parasites" are quite content to supply the ball with which you fellows play pitch and chew over the fact that without that ball there would be no game. Then, too, drones are really good for something after all. If you doubt this read the Chapter in Maeterlinck's "History of the Bee," entitled "The Nuptial Flight of the Queen Bee."

But we do get a kick out of life. Ask any parasite you meet.

— September 12, 1940

Heartiest Congratulations

To The Greenbelt News Review

On A Quarter Century

Of Publication

CHARLES BRESLER

DEVELOPER OF

GREENBELT PLAZA APARTMENTS

LAKESIDE EXTENDED

BOXWOOD VILLAGE

And in This Corner . . .

The fearlessness (foolhardiness) of our columnists is exemplified by Russ Greenbaum, who in 1957 took on the entire Center School PTA singlehanded. Who won? Read the following excerpt from Greenbaum's column, MY TOWN, and draw your own conclusions.

By Russ Greenbaum

Two weeks ago I made some comments about the first Center School PTA meeting . . . And then the roof fell in!

It's not that I'm a coward, but I'm writing this week's column from my newly installed atomic bomb shelter—guaranteed against blast, searing heat, and deadly radiation (although the salesman was less certain about angry females). The bomb shelter also doubles as a dog house—and I don't have a dog.

Columnist Al Long of THE LONG VIEW soon jumped feet-first into the fray. It developed into a no-holds-barred feud between the rival columnists, which was refereed by editor Harry Zubkoff.

The Long View

by A. C. Long

Last week I wrote a column on Russell Greenbaum. It started out something like this: "I understand you taught Russell Greenbaum when he was a student here. Can you tell me something about his behavior as a student?" I asked the elderly and slightly hard-of-hearing teacher who is still principal of Russell's old Alma Mater.

"Ah, that Russell Greenbaum," he sighed, shaking his head sadly, "I suppose you're another probation officer, eh? What's he done this time?" he added hopelessly.

Then it got better or worse, depending on your point of view and devotion to the PTA. But editor Zubkoff thought it might be too rough on poor old Russell, and after reading the letters to the editor in last week's issue, I had to agree.

So I thought, I would wander over to Greenbaum's kind of casual - like and cheer him up a bit, if possible. I found Mrs. Greenbaum and two carpenters busy in the back yard and after some usual small talk like, "Did you see the Sputnik at 3:10 a.m. this morning?" I noticed they were building a small edifice in the yard. "I'm a little surprised," I confessed to his good wife. "I didn't expect you would be keeping a pet."

"We don't have a pet," she assured me.

"But the dog house you're building? It is a dog house, isn't it?" I asked in bewilderment.

"Oh, that," she explained grimly. "It's a dog house all right and it's for Russell!" she added firmly. "The Center School PTA donated the lumber and the Jr.-Hi PTA are contributing the labor. And I'm going to see that he uses it. It's sort of a work of love all around," she smiled.

I looked in and it is big enough for him to sleep in, but there is no room to write anything. Russell will have to learn to be more kindly in his writings, like me, for example. I never write anything that I wouldn't say behind your back.

— October 31, 1957

My Town

By Russ Greenbaum

It has been called to my attention that there is another column published in this newspaper, which I believe is called "The Long View"—or is it "The Strong View"—that has made some comments about me. It is signed by someone who calls himself "Al Long," undoubtedly an assumed name made up by the writer so he could call his column "The Long View." Anyway, the other day someone handed me one of his columns on a ten-foot pole, and his name rang a bell. I remember now that a person using this same name formerly served on the board of GVHC, which I used to cover regularly for this paper. Frankly I can't recall his name or face too well, as he rarely attended meetings. Since he has left the board, two things have happened. The meetings end considerably earlier, and the board has changed the name of the corporation. I presume both are coincidental.

There are two schools of thought as to why Al—I want to keep this on a friendly basis—resigned from the board. One is that he ran out of his funds for bribing voters. The other is that he preferred to use this money to invest in a restaurant. This last is probably the correct version since I understand that he actually became a partner in a restaurant. (I must admit that this is strictly hearsay since I never actually saw the restaurant.)

There is no question that Al has acumen (look it up, Al, before you sue me) because the restaurant proved to be a success. It even brought a booming business to the drugstore next door, which had to triple its stock of bicarbonate of soda. Anyway, with Al thinking up clever advertising slogans, such as "A Long meal is a long meal" and "When you eat a Long hot dog, it's so long," the restaur-

rant did a rushing business—rushing to that drugstore, that is. Finally, a wellknown local restaurant chain, which would probably prefer to be nameless, bought him out, giving him a tidy profit in order to obliterate his name from the restaurant business.

Since then, the big question in Greenbelt is what is he going to do with all that money—besides counting it each night (Pat, didn't I tell you to weed out all these 20-dollar bills?). People who expected to see him driving around in the second Cadillac in town were disappointed. He has shown no signs of his new affluence other than considering changing the title of his column to "The Long Green."

Well, this column can now reveal exclusively Al's future plans. (Remember you read it here first.) He will shortly announce that he has bought out Greenbelt Homes, Inc. He will immediately begin action on all the progressive plans for GHI for which he argued so long and loud on the board but which were completely ignored by those stumblebumps. (I don't know what these plans are but I remember his arguing loud and long about something.) Anyway, you can bet there will be some changes made when the new Long Owned Veterans Enterprise (LOVE) gets underway.

Personally I would like very much to see LOVE succeed in Greenbelt. If there is anything that this town needs, it's LOVE. And no one can spread it around better than Al Long.

— December 5, 1957

Editor's Notebook

by Harry Zubkoff

So many people have asked me why Al Long and Russ Greenbaum "hate" each other so much, and how come I tolerate their feud in the columns of this newspaper, that I feel obliged to comment. To begin with, theirs is a feud in the best tradition of oldtime newspapering—a battle between two very prolific and witty writers. Both of them have the courage of their convictions, and neither would hesitate to risk the wrath of the entire community in the cause of truth and justice. In fact, each of them has done just that at one time or another. I daresay not many people could emerge unscathed from a literary duel with either one of them. Now then, with two such giants of the pen determined to outwrite each other, who is a mere editor to say them nay? I personally am standing by with awe.

— January 2, 1958

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OUR POLICIES AND POINT OF VIEW

(A sampling from the editorial page)

It's Your Paper, But

If I walked up to the city desk of any Washington newspaper and shoved a page of my writing into the hands of the city editor with the order that it must be published verbatim, the story would probably end up in the waste basket. If I repeated this procedure several times I would expect to be thrown out of the office sooner or later. And if I resented this treatment of my contributions I could stop my subscription to the paper — and that would be that.

Few people tell Editor Noyes how to run the Star. Few even get into his office. And his paper, like all other newspapers, prints what he thinks should go into it, written in the form he and his staff approve.

This is a different kind of newspaper. We want you to bring in news, meeting notices, and expressions of opinion, because that is the only way in which we can build a newspaper which will truly represent the entire community.

We are glad to have suggestions and criticisms at any time, but just leave out the high and mighty stuff.

(January 18, 1940)

How We Do It

Last week we received a letter from a new resident in one of the defense homes—asking us when the boy was going to collect for the paper. Neighbor, the boy doesn't collect for the Cooperator. It's free to you, one of the few free things in a world of soaring prices and increased taxes.

But you pay for your town paper indirectly through every advertisement published. In a year we average just about enough advertising revenue to cover the printing bill and other costs of publication. The staff is made up of your neighbors who contribute their time, from two to ten hours a week. This last year a small surplus was divided among the staff members—the first monetary reward since the paper was started more than four years ago.

(February 6, 1942)

Just Ask Us

The proposal made by the new mayor at Monday night's council meeting that another newspaper be started in Greenbelt to give proper coverage to town activities was received with gleeful approval by the Cooperator staff Tuesday night, and gave rise to a lot of wishful thinking about how much easier a reporter's lot would be if there were some other sheet to take over a part of the burden. The responsibility of giving unbiased news coverage to a one-paper town gets to be an awful strain sometimes.

(October 12, 1945)

Examination Time

Rumors have been going around Greenbelt this past week to the effect that the Cooperator is in difficulty. This is to assure our readers that the rumors are perfectly true.

The Cooperator is going through a period of self-examination. We have agreed to sit down with ourselves and determine whether the course we have followed in past weeks is a proper one. We want, and will welcome, the opinions of Greenbelt's Citizens to help us in this determination.

We of the Cooperator are members of other community groups. We are cooperators; our association is a true producer cooperative. Our duty, as we see it, is to inform the people of our community as best we can about what goes on around them. Our work is the work of communication.

Where communication fails, ignorance takes its place, and brings with it apathy, misunderstanding, and mistrust. Where there is a means of communication, we believe it should be used. All newspapers print things that people would rather not have happen—disappointments, disasters, deaths—but that is what newspapers are for. Whether or not we like what happens, it is our business to let the community in on it.

For doing our job, we are accused of irresponsibility, and of keeping citizens from taking on other jobs of responsibility—we who have this great responsibility to the community and have done our best to carry it out.

More important, we are accused of "bias" and "prejudice," of refusing to state both sides of an issue. Newspapers are "biased" depending on who runs them. Belonging to the staff of the Cooperator is a privilege available to anyone in the community who wants it, and is willing to work for it. In spite of our "bias," we welcome the expression of opinion on both sides of any question. We have never refused to publish any communication to the paper which was in the bounds of good taste. If the paper had carried only one side to a story, it was because the other side felt it "unwise to get into idle controversy." No communication, no information, no progress.

Other newspapers, the large ones, can depend for their support on the backing of large chains and private fortunes. Small community newspapers depend on the community. Here in Greenbelt as probably nowhere else the newspaper depends for its existence on its community. We believe we have served that community long and well. We intend to continue serving it to the best of our ability. If the community decides that there is no longer a need and a reason for our service, we shall cease to exist as a newspaper.

We are depending in the true cooperative spirit on the voice of the community to help our thinking in this crisis, and to aid us to an answer.

You are the community. What do you think?

(May 17, 1951)

CONGRATULATIONS GREENBELT NEWS REVIEW

RICE'S BAKERY

Home Delivery - Tuesday - Thursday - Saturday
Party Cakes - Wedding Cakes

Howard Wall
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An Editor Unburdens Himself

Several readers have asked me to give the general public a glimpse of the editor and the editorial writer as he really is—not the anonymous creature who sits in his ivory tower tossing down advice to the multitude and gazing deeply into his crystal ball, but the real, living, tax-paying, church-going, mortgage-paying, baby changing, wife loving (my own), whiskey drinking (anybody's), lovable me.

I have never noticed that knowing me has converted anyone to my point of view. On the contrary, people often look at me strangely upon learning that I'm the editor, and sometimes exclaim, "Well, maybe that explains it," or something equally obscure.

Certainly, being known as the editor doesn't do much for your social life. I love parties, I can eat, drink, exchange gay repartee, tell jokes and listen to tales of woe as well as the next man, but I seldom get a chance once people find out I'm the editor. Instead I find myself spending the late hours listening to belligerent critics tell me what's wrong with the paper, or trying to avoid the high-spirited citizens (not public-spirited) who want me to undertake an editorial crusade on their behalf(s), without, of course, mentioning their names.

There is, of course, one good thing about writing editorials and that is the fact that, as with most papers, several of our staff members do it, and no one knows which ones I write. As any horse thief knows, they've got to find you with the horse, to hang you for horse stealing.

People often ask why editorials aren't signed. "I wish I knew who wrote that wonderful editorial," a reader will occasionally say. (Very occasionally, I might add. More often they snarl something like, "What's the matter, don't you guys have the guts to sign the trash you write?") But we have a policy of not revealing the identity of writers of editorials, and it makes sense. For one thing, opinions expressed in editorials are not those of the writer alone, but the products of editorial conferences, which involve a certain amount of give and take and modification. There are stories about editorial writers who went mad with power and somehow evaded the editorial conference and wrote long editorials denouncing motherhood, or the flag, or even their own newspapers (happened to us once), but these freak occasions are too rare to be concerned about. On the whole, we believe that an editorial carries more weight if it is recognized as the considered opinion of the management of this paper, rather than the opinion of a single writer.

Be that as it may, editorial anonymity is a handy thing to have around at times. It's nice when a large drunk or an overpowering female demands to know who wrote that lousy editorial on taxes, to say coolly, "It is the policy of our paper not to reveal . . ." and so forth.

And there's no law that says you can't dimple, blush, and snigger, "Aw shucks, ma'am," when someone gushes, "Oh, who wrote that divine . . . ?"

("Editor's Notebook" by Harry Zubkoff, January 2, 1958)

As I see it, the *News Review* is the major unifying element within the city, the force which has done more than any other single civic activity to make a city out of a housing project. It has given Greenbelters a sense of belonging, a sense of participation, and, frequently, a feeling of pride in their community. Our object is to report the local news as fully and as accurately as possible, and if we have not always been as good as we could be, why, this is a criticism which can be leveled at any other newspaper in the country—and at every institution in the country. The point is that we are honestly striving to be better at our job all the time.

("Editor's Notebook", by Harry Zubkoff, January 28, 1960)

INTERVIEW from page 1

else knew better. Well, the first Tuesday night I came down to the office I discovered that nobody—but nobody—had showed up. Naturally, this made me feel a little insecure, so I telephoned the ex-editor. She said, "Gee, I wish I could help you but, ha ha, I'm going out."

"So I worked till 3 a.m. Wednesday night again I worked till 3 a.m. Thursday the paper came out. Great! Thursday night I got a call from the printer that started off like this: 'Well, Zubkoff, I understand you're the new editor. Congratulations! When are you going to pay the thousand dollars you owe me?'"

"But things moved fast in the next few days. For instance, the telephone company removed our phone because we were three months behind in our bill. Also, all the desks and typewriters were moved out of the office because PHA (the government agency then running Greenbelt), who had loaned them to us, needed them back."

But Harry Zubkoff survived these crises, and so did the paper. He served as Editor-in-Chief for a total of seven years. Russ Greenbaum, the present editor, once remarked reminiscently, "I'll never forget the look on Harry's face when he discovered I was actually willing to take the thing off his hands. He seemed stunned—he couldn't believe it was real."

(The Name is Familiar, by Dorothy Sucher — July 14, 1960)

Revenge

By Harry M. Zubkoff

This is to advise a guy
In no uncertain terms,
That I will catch him, by and by,
And feed him to the worms.

For pranks are pranks and jokes
are jokes,
And boys are always boys,
But you'll agree, now won't you,
folks,
That clotheslines aren't toys?

Yet every time we look around,
(It's happened once or twice)
We find our clothesline on the
ground,
I ask you, is that nice?

I'm sure that everyone in town
Will wish me all the best,
The day that I catch up with and
Eliminate this pest.

This I say and this I mean
And you can mark it down,
That some day I will catch the guy
Who cuts my clothesline down!
— May 11, 1950

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE GREENBELT NEWS REVIEW ON 25 YEARS OF SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY 1937 — 1962 Greenbelt Federal Credit Union

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America's Most Famous Family Restaurants

Congratulations Greenbelt News Review

Some Things Never Change

In reviewing the editorials of the past, our staff was continually struck by the timeliness of some of the subjects discussed, even for today. Here are a few excerpts:

Old and New

The rather high feeling which developed between old and new Greenbelt when the newer section was first opened up is on a rapid decline, thank goodness. There are a few who still cling to a feeling of superiority, but they are rapidly coming around to a more sensible point of view.

There was a time when this feeling ran pretty high. Shortly after the new houses were opened up some unfortunate things occurred with the result that the Cooperator received several hot letters, most of them unsigned and therefore not printed.

Such feelings were to be expected to a certain extent. Greenbelt fared rather better than most communities which have been subjected to the same growing pains. Such a rapid influx of people into a town as occurred in Greenbelt usually brings far greater feeling than existed here at any time.

As Calvin Coolidge said, "It doesn't matter whether our ancestors came over on the Mayflower or as steerage passengers on one of our modern passenger liners, we are all now in the same boat." If we are not all now in the same boat we are in an awful position.

— August 20, 1943

How About A Clean-up Month?

Many old-timers are saying that they never saw Greenbelt look as unkempt and desolate as it does now, in the Spring of 1947. Distinguished visitors from home and abroad are rushed through Greenbelt at a fast clip these days we can bet.

Things may have improved since the clean-up session that took place Tuesday, but as late as last week a rat watched a little boy eat his ice cream cone as he sat on a bench near one of the four green areas in the Town center. Apparently the maintenance budget has been stretched severely to provide for keeping these areas free of trash, because for the first time in ten years Greenbelt Consumer Services has been asked to assume this housekeeping job in addition to keeping clear the sidewalks adjacent to the stores. For almost six months the mother and child statue in the Center has retained the splotches of green paint it acquired on Hallowe'en night.

It would take a "Clean-up Month" to take care of all the trash which has accumulated.

— April 18, 1947

Bring On The Evidence

For some time The Cooperator has been concerned with the undercurrent of dissatisfaction that has been voiced by some Greenbelters with our fellow cooperative, Greenbelt Consumer Services.

This paper has no official connection with GCS. However, in view of its position in the economic life of the community, and the fact that most of our readers are GCS shareholders, the store cooperative is particularly newsworthy from our point of view. From the same point of view we believe it is fair editorial subject-matter.

But back to the dissatisfaction. In several recent meetings a very small group of citizens has voiced considerable objection to some basic GCS policies and activities. In each instance, on being voted down by an overwhelming majority, these people have stated that they represented a large number of people, and that the majorities in the meeting were acting against the wishes of the entire body of stockholders.

Frankly, these statements look like pure fabrication, a smoke screen put up by a rapidly dwindling political faction in the town. These spokesmen appear on the surface to be merely the "front" for a very limited group which is interested essentially in the displacement of GCS by commercial enterprises owned by outsiders or by perhaps a dozen local people. They are not interested in seeing our stores continue to be run by the people of the town; they are not really interested in the good of GCS, but in its demise.

We do not deny the right of anti-GCS citizens to be heard. Nor do we deny that many improvements can be made in GCS operations, even though it already is a highly successful commercial enterprise which has been operated for the benefit of the whole community. We do wish, however, that the anti-GCS people would bring that large body of inarticulate citizens to a meeting some day, or else stop talking about it. Let them speak to the merits of their case, rather than dragging in their hidden (or non-existent) majority.

— March 26, 1948

Vandalism: A Growing Problem

Last week two picnic tables near the center area, next to the swimming pool, were partially destroyed by local vandals. It is the latest in a long series of abuses and destruction inflicted on public property. The roofing paper was pried loose and burned in a nearby fireplace. The liquid tar was poured over the tables and seats, where vulgar and profane words were written. Although several youngsters are under suspicion, there have been no apprehensions by the police department.

Greenbelt has long suffered the penalties of overlooking the acts of vandals. It has been several years since we have had a decent drinking fountain at Braden Field for the benefit of ball players and tennis players. Pedestrian lights are practically non-existent, because of past abuses. Every month there are complaints about peeping toms, garden destruction, stolen bikes, disorderly children, etc. The recreation area at the lake has long been the victim of destructive youngsters and as a result much needed improvements in facilities and equipment have been slow in coming.

Many residents in town have already become alarmed at the proportions the vicious destruction has attained. Most apparent, and needless besides has been the havoc perpetrated on playground equipment. Slides and swings have been replaced so often many of them have been eliminated as "poor risks." Sand boxes have been demolished.

The time has come for immediate and decisive action to put an end to vandalism in Greenbelt. There is no need to expound on the sociological and philosophical reasons for the vandalism. It may be poor parental supervision, lack of proper recreation activities for the youngsters, inadequate police coverage, or even criminal instinct. One thing is sure; vandalism has been too long overlooked and abided.

Besides costing the residents money (indirectly, to be sure) the vandalism has practically destroyed the incentive to keep our community well-groomed and attractive. It would seem that vandalism begets vandalism. A minor incident: how often do you see youngsters deliberately "falling" through hedges? Children in Greenbelt just don't have the respect for public and private property that goes with good citizenship.

— August 16, 1951

Phone 474-9682

Greenbelt Barber Shop

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Mon. - Fri. 8:30 - 6:30 — Sat. 8 - 6

Haircuts for the Whole Family
Children \$1.00 Adults \$1.25

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Congratulations to

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Greenbelt Apartments Inc.

Sonia Garin

474-6400

To My Boss

In 1940, the federal government's income limitations were making more and more Greenbelters wonder whether they would be forced to move. One staff member put this problem in verse:

For the past few months, by one thin thread,
A long, sharp sword's hung over my head.

I'm happy here,
But I have one fear—
Please, boss, don't give me a raise!

My rapid advancement's made me proud,
But I've reached the maximum income allowed;
It would make me grieve
To have to leave—
Please, boss, don't give me a raise!

I know you think I'm a darned good clerk
And would like to reward me for my work,
But that would be
A penalty—
Please, boss, don't give me a raise!
— Chaz (Abraham Chasanow)

Poetry Column

By Dorothy Sucher

Go to sleep, my pet, my pretty,
Mama is a member of the Telephone Committee.
We've formed a coalition
To crush the opposition
By signing a petition
Defining our position . . .
Hush, child, hush

Close your eyes, lamb, don't you pout
Mama's got a meeting and the time is running out.
We plan a demonstration
To express our indignation
And urge the resignation
Of the whole Association
For its snide insinuation
It's a baseless fabrication . . .
Hush, child, hush.

Must you have a fever? Must you run a rash?
Infant filibusterer, your mama's got to dash.

* * *

The Opposition's foxy
Congealed in orthodoxy
But baby's chicken-pox
And I don't have a proxy.

— May 24, 1962

Congratulations to the News Review

on their 25th Anniversary and for their

25 years of continuous service to the

Greenbelt Community

CO-OP
Supermarkets

121 Centerway Road

Greenbelt, Md.

Say That Again ?

Notable quotes in brief from the pages of the News Review

1937

"You have undoubtedly seen on the bulletin board a plea for the return of a hat which was taken by mistake at a Citizens' Association meeting. The finder likes the new hat but unfortunately, it does not fit him. He requests that every Greenbelt wife look into her husband's hat for the initials H.W.V.L. It is worth \$1.15 to the family with whom this hat has made a two weeks rendezvous. The hat in question cost \$3.85. The one taken by mistake cost \$5. Figure it out for yourself."

1938

"ANSWER department - To all inquirers: The title under the picture of the Town Council last week was not

- a. Foundering Fathers
- b. Floundering Fathers
- c. Foundling Fathers
- or d. Fumbling Fathers
- but Founding Fathers."

"Believe it or not . . . a group of some thirty Greenbeltians met one evening last week for a social evening, and they did not elect a group of officers and did not draw up a set of by-laws."

"Some persons have the peculiar notion that it is their duty to report all irregularities in the lives of their neighbors to the administration."

1939

"(A citizen) asked the Council what opinion it held of those citizens who carried passengers to and from Washington in their private cars. He said that he and three others took turns riding in each other's car, and he felt that this was a sound practice and not detrimental to the best interests of the Town."

"One of the most grievous of our (problems) is the multiplicity of offices in which our most willing workers find themselves involved, year after year. People who are ready to pitch in and really work are as numerous as purple cows and the result is that too often our best brains are being pitted against the problems of a half-dozen organizations at once."

1940

"The government will never sell the Greenbelt property," commented Manager Roy Braden last week, adding that it would only be leased, on long-term contracts."

"What could be sweeter? A meeting that began on time, where the committee members were primed with information and all available for questioning, where the audience was intelligent and interested, where nobody had a 'gripe' and which was all over by ten o'clock! Greenbelt moves forward."

"If you should chance to see from one to three black kittens around town, they probably belong in the barn where our police force keeps its horses."

1941

"The first victims of Greenbelt Ordinance No. 25, prohibiting swimming in the lake, were apprehended last Friday. Four boys from East Riverdale decided that the lake was a swell spot to cool off, at about 12 o'clock that afternoon. However, the judge soon made it uncomfortably warm for them."

"Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Boggs of 32-B Crescent are kind of disillusioned about feeding the birds. Stretched between two trees outside their apartment they have a tricky roofed-over affair with an automatic feeding device whereby fresh fodder trickles into an outside trough as fast as it is consumed. This feature has scared away everything except the English sparrows."

1942

"Superstitious?"
"Here it is Friday the 13th — and we publish the 13th issue of the Cooperator for the current year. If you want to make something out of it go ahead. For us it is just the same headache as any other issue published any other Friday. We would like to have about 13 volunteers next week to help us make it a better paper for you." (Editorial)

1943

"Consumers with rationing certificates have a chance now to apply to tire dealers for those extra tires that were turned in when people registered for gasoline. Your local War Price and Rationing Board at Hyattsville will tell you whether or not you are entitled to a certificate."

"Mahomet has gone to the mountain! After trying for five years to have Greenbelters go where the sidewalks go, the town administration has finally decided to have the sidewalks go where the Greenbelters go. Three short-cut walks will save residents many steps, or save periodical replacement of "This is not a path" signs, or even reduce the pedestrian competition with autos for the use of Greenbelt streets."

"As a part of the recent civilian defense maneuvers, two civilians at 2D Woodland Way were supposed to be wounded, while 2-C Woodland Way was theoretically on fire.

"Herkus Letkemann and his oldest son "Lucky", the victims, were obediently prone on the living room floor, but the rescue squad on the fire engine just didn't arrive. Grant, the youngest Letkemann, became so excited watching the engine that he fell out of the window, suffering painful bruises."

1944

"George J. Panagoulis, Greenbelt's genial chief of police, was the victim of a car thief last week. The chief's automobile was stolen Wednesday evening, January 5."

1945

"Community Manager Goppel tells us that the town collects monthly more money in library fines than it does in police department fines."

"Who has not wished at one time or another to give the neighbor's kids a good wallop, or to rush over with gags when a domestic squabble or late party is going on next door? We believe a suitable medal should be cast—in soft soap perhaps?—for the good neighbor (there's at least one in every court) who keeps her serenity and sense of proportion in the face of difficulties, who is never heard to say anything malicious about her fellowmen, who believes her children are occasionally in the wrong . . . well, we could go on like this for a long time. Pick your favorite neighbor and fill out the rest of the details for yourself." (Editorial)

1946

"The idea behind Greenbelt existed long before the men who planned our town were born, and will survive regardless of what happens to this particular hunk of Maryland landscape. The writers who derisively call it "Utopia" cannot be aware of how near they come to the truth; Greenbelt's greatness lies not only in the possibilities it has offered to all who have come to live in the community, but also in its actual accomplishments. Out of worn-out tobacco fields and low-income families, Greenbelt has built a town of tomorrow whose advantages are apparent even to its detractors, and a citizenry new in the realization that they have something here worth fighting for together." (Editorial)

1947

"Greenbelt's green-paint-splashed statue will be renovated shortly after Memorial Day, local art-lovers will be relieved to learn. The parents of the nine boys responsible for the defacement will be billed \$8.33 each to pay for the job."

1948

"Residents of Greenbelt and surrounding areas in this county melted snow to obtain water when a frozen dam near Laurel caused a major water shortage. The Manager commented that the water shortage was the first major mishap in the Greenbelt system in the ten years of the town's operation and resulted from 'a very unusual combination of circumstances.'"

"At one time or another we have probably stepped on the toes of everyone in town. If we haven't trod on your feet, yet, don't worry, we'll get around to it. Any number of people in town will tell you that." (Editorial)

1949

"The Greenbelt girl named Mary who sent a valentine to a boy named John, in a certain New England state, should hereafter sign her last name. Apparently John loves more than one Mary! At least, he indicated as much in a letter to the town clerk, as follows: "Please send me a list of girls, by the name of Mary—there's a certain girl down there by the name of Mary and I would like to know who she is—she sent me a valentine with just her first name and no address."

"John's plea was inserted in the record of the Town Council."

1950

"As a rule letters to the editor present the writer's opinion rather than facts. The Cooperator's supply this week bears out this general rule, with one exception. One letter presents a statement of fact." (Editorial)

"If I were some poor devil's wife, With not enough to do, And felt that I was soured on life, And no one good or true, There'd still be one way I could laugh And have my vicious fun. I'd join the Cooperator staff And insult everyone. Just Plain Disgusted!"

1951

"City Manager Charles McDonald, in presenting his budget message to the council, disclosed that the bus is not operating at a loss—on the contrary, it is holding its own financially speaking and no extra funds will have to be appropriated to subsidize it."

1952

"One of the most elaborate projects of the Greenbelt Izaak Walton League, the draining and restocking of the lake, finally became history when the last barrel of fish was dropped into the lake last Saturday. The completion of this project should remove the complaint of our would-be fishermen that there are no fish in the lake. We know they are there—we saw them put in!"

1953

"Our campaign last issue, using the line "Keep Greenbelt Clean" instead of dashes between the stories, backfired horribly. We agree with many of our readers that the three word slogan following certain stories in the paper produced results that can charitably be described as incongruous, and in some cases downright funny.

"Although we still feel that The Cooperator should remind Greenbelt residents to help keep the city neat and tidy, we can see now that using this particular slogan that way just isn't going to be very effective.

"There goes the shortest campaign in Cooperator history!"

1956

"Another citizens committee on recreation will be appointed by the city council in order to assist the recreation department in its community program. The council expressed dissatisfaction with the recreation committee of last year, and has declared of the new one: "If any member of the committee asks for more funds, I'll consider that a resignation."

"It will be a sad day for Greenbelt when important civic issues fail to bring out spontaneously a group of citizens en masse to jaw away at council."

1957

"This is a typical Greenbelt story. A few weeks ago the city council relieved Eli Don Bullian of his responsibility as permanent chairman of the Labor Day Festival and turned the whole thing over to the Youth Advisory Board. This was logical since the purpose of the Festival is to raise money toward the new Youth Center. The Board after a long search for a man to run the Festival, came up with a logical choice—Eli Don Bullian."

1958

"Never underestimate the vengeful competence of the ladies of the Greenbelt Women's Club. Some few months ago they misinterpreted one of my laudatory columns on beef stew dinners as being less than complimentary of their culinary skill. Oh, what a mistake! Not the beef stew—my column, I mean." (The Long View).

1959

"There's been a lot of talk around recently about the city council raising its salary from \$500 to \$1,000 a year—or at least advocating such a raise. Some people say they're not worth what we're paying them now, and others say that's exactly what they are worth. Which reminds me of the old story about the enemy who said I wasn't fit to live with pigs, and the friend who stuck up for me and said I was. You wonder who is being more critical." (The Long View).

1960

"I am writing to express my appreciation for the splendid work you and your News Review staff are doing.

"I have noticed that you endeavor to be fair in reporting both sides of controversial issues that arise in Greenbelt from time to time.

"You are to be congratulated on continuing your publication every week since November, 1937 even though you have experienced financial difficulty. We appreciate the fact that the News Review is delivered free to every home in Greenbelt." (Letter to the Editor).

ODE TO GREENBELT'S SANITATION DEPARTMENT

by Marjorie Bergemann

Your service we appreciate.
In fact, it would be fine
If trash collection could be done
Each morning just at nine.
Since that is quite impossible,
Times being what they be,
You visit us three times each week
To haul away from me
Our trash and garbage and the like,
And whatever else I plan
To place inside the garbage pail.
But that poor garbage can!
Because, dear sirs, I do abhor
The way they're thrown around.
They're emptied, so! and then
they're thrown
With might, upon the ground.
You seem to think that they're alive,
But really, don't you know,
By throwing them so awfully hard
You killed them long ago?
— November 17, 1960

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1937

Heartiest Congratulations

To The Greenbelt News Review

Tanner's Cleaners

6000 Greenbelt Rd.

Beltway Plaza

Greenbelt

125 Centerway

Greenbelt Center

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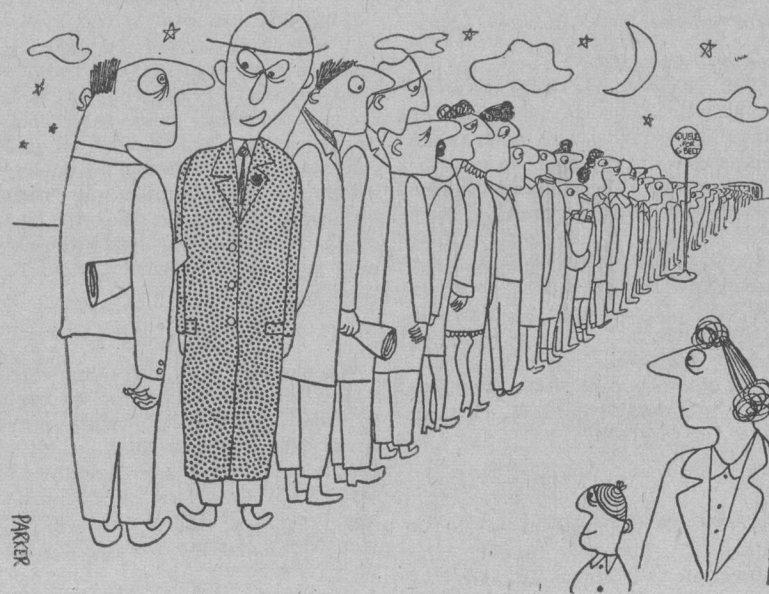
1962

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY CARPOOL



The Driver who oversleeps. The above solution occurred to our artist in an inspired moment.

From the beginning, transportation was a problem in Greenbelt. With so many residents working for the Government in downtown Washington, and with the public transportation systems unable to provide service, it was inevitable that car-pools would fill the void. Indeed, car-pools became almost a way of life, part and parcel of the spirit of community living which pervaded the atmosphere in Greenbelt. And, naturally, there were also the inevitable conflicts and caricatures which arose around the subject of car-pools, and the development of a caste system which segregated the drivers from the riders, the haves from the have-nots. The Cooperator entered the spirited discussions not only with editorial comments, but also with the pointed end of Isadore Parker's talented pen-poking fun at anyone who got in the way.



I'll save you a seat

On April 20, 1950, Harry Zubkoff visited the Cooperator office for the first time, (much to his regret) and, inspired, wrote the following poem.

Just in case you doubt my word, Which, of course, is quite absurd, I will demonstrate with speed, How to write—proceed to read.

So I walked into the room, (Room which never saw a broom) Met some most peculiar folks, Swapped some stories and some jokes,

Watched them all pretend to work, Feeling like an awful jerk, Wondered how they ever got Out a paper on the spot, Had some coffee and some cake, (Progress of the modern rake) Listened to their conversation, Saddened by the situation, Stayed to see and hear some more, Stayed—but very near the door, Waited till they all went home, Wrote this silly little pome!

Ah, the atmosphere in there, Curls my one remaining hair. Gets into my very blood, And there it stays till God's next flood.

A few weeks later, Zubkoff added his two cents worth of observation to the perennial carpool discussions. He was a rider then. Oh, I have read so many poems Of thieves and highwaymen, But the greatest highwaymen of all Are living now—not then.

Today we have a different breed. More subtle, more perverse, They're not so ruthless as of old, Indeed they're far, far worse.

They don't use violence today, Their victims do not die, Instead, like leeches, vampires, bats, They bleed their victims dry.

They never use a gun today, No knife, no pitch, no tar, Their weapons are more powerful; Today they use a car.

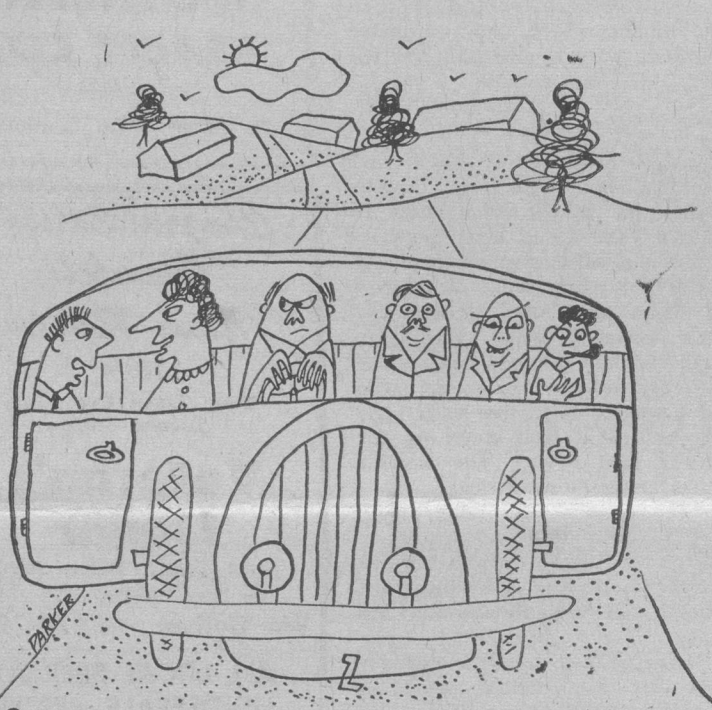
Now I refer, as you may guess, To all those guys with cars, The way they charge their riders You would think they drive to Mars.

Imagine the colossal cheek (Now, not a single name) They charge each man three bucks a week, My gawd, have they no shame?

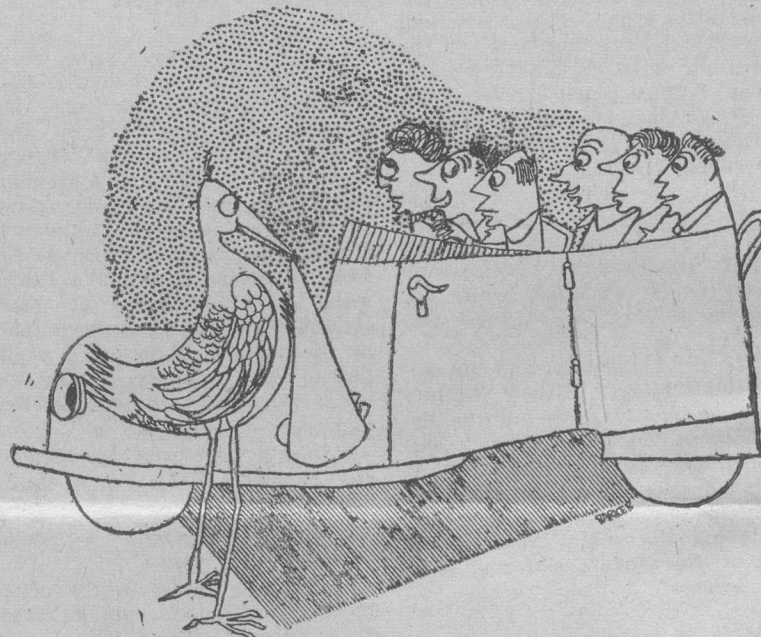
And then, to top the list for greed Beyond imagination, Some drivers painfully proceed To drive on their vacation.

Words cannot describe the way These bloody vultures feed On their car-less fellow beings, Just to satisfy their greed!

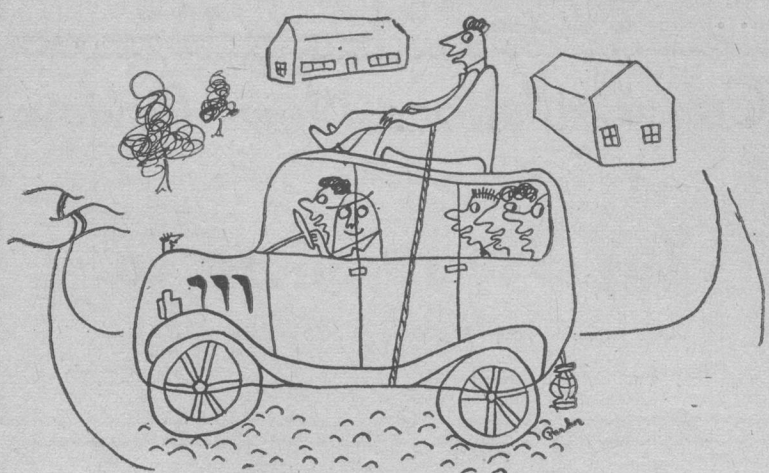
But wait - let's not be too severe, Let's not their fair names mar, For after all, perhaps next year I, too, will have a car!



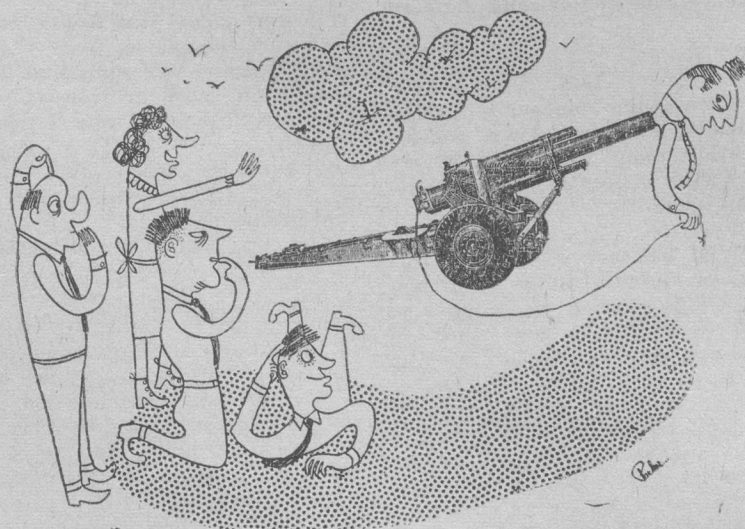
"In Greenbelt things are different . . . everyone wants to be a front seat driver!"



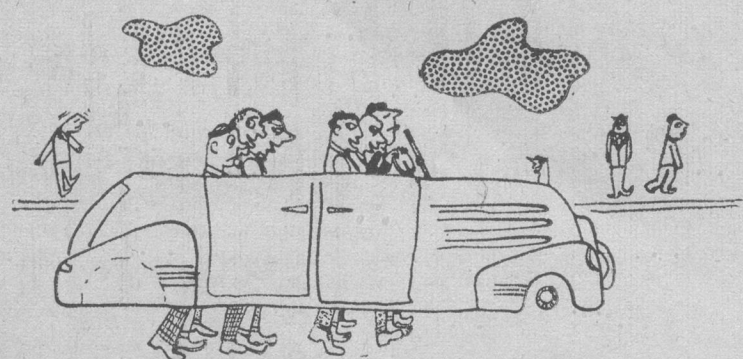
STORK: Is this the car pool to Greenbelt?



This will take care of the guy who simply MUST have the car windows open!



This is one night he won't have to wait for the rest of the riders to finish their shopping or sipping.



"As soon as they establish a tax rate I'll find out whether I can buy new tires . . ."



"Bill didn't have time to water his garden this morning."

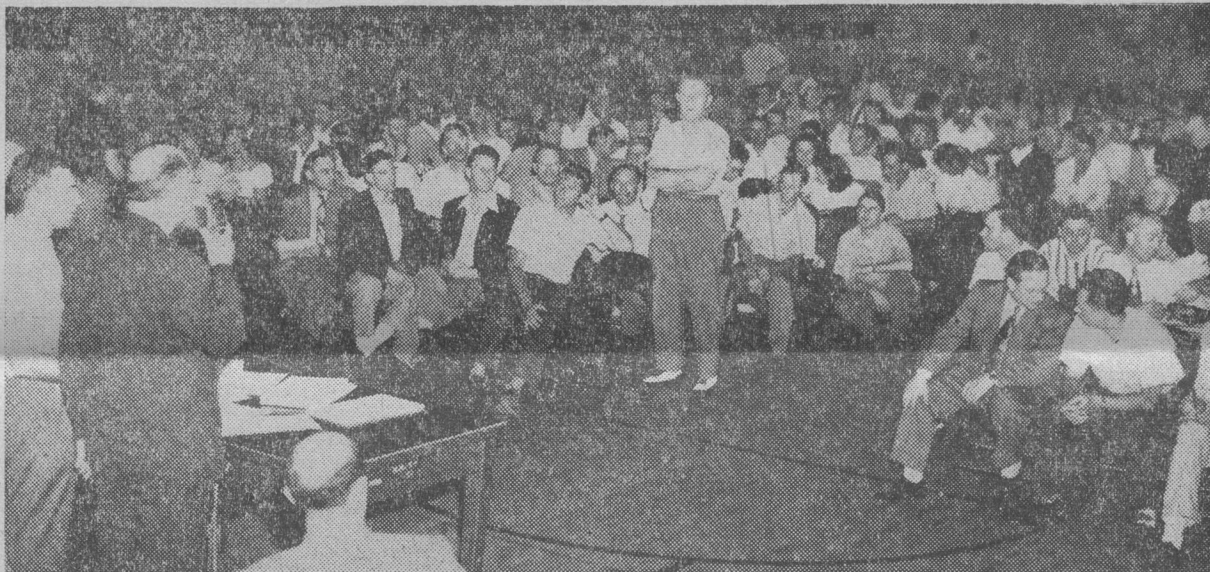


Above is the entry of the News Review in the annual Fourth of July parade of 1955. Hiding under the wig and dark glasses in the driver's seat is Russ Greenbaum. The other bewigged and far more charming occupant of the car is Phyllis Chasanow. The car, a showpiece in its own right, was furnished by Jim Smith, one of the First Families of Greenbelt.

Pictured below are some of the participants in the bicycle decoration contest in the same parade. A good deal of ingenuity was shown by these youngsters in dolling up their bikes.



Above, the first picture of the newly built road leading from the East parking lot behind the co-op food store out to Parkway Rd., taken in May, 1957. Below, residents meet in bitter protest against the decision of the Public Housing Administration in June, 1951, to impose another rent raise on the Greenbelt Housing project. This meeting gave greater impetus to the drive to purchase Greenbelt from the Government.



HAPPY 25th ANNIVERSARY

The entire staff of the Greenbelt Branch of Suburban Trust Company wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations to the Greenbelt News Review.

Twenty-five years of dedicated service to a progressive community is commendable.

The News Review has shared the responsibility of growth with the merchants and the people. Happy Birthday!

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*Congratulations to the
Greenbelt News Review*

and the

City of Greenbelt

Don't Leave Out My By-Line!

A Mixed Bag of Columns, Features, News Stories, and Verse

Greenbelt Rumors

by Donald H. Cooper

There is an old parlor game which still finds favor at parties. Guests sit in a large circle and the leader whispers some sentence like "Betty is a nice girl" to the person on his left. The sentence is repeated in a whisper from one person to the next until the message completes the circle of participants and returns to the leader as "They raise alfalfa in Afghanistan" or some such slight variation of the original sentence. It is a good game, furnishing lots of fun and laughter.

The same game is played outside of parties and seems especially prevalent in small towns. It is called gossip, when it is cheap and petty; rumor when it is cheap and serious. Along with some of the benefits of a small town Greenbelt seems to have acquired small town faults as well. And here the game seems to take on unusually vicious characteristics.

John Smith gives neighbor Mary Jones a lift in his car from A-block to the shopping center and then drives into Washington for his day at the office. A few minutes later Neighbor A remarks to Neighbor B that she saw Mary go down to the shopping center early this morning. "Mr. Smith gave her a ride." Neighbor B then remarks to Neighbor C "I notice that Mr. Smith is taking Mary Jones down to the shopping center now." Gossip is on its way from house to house now. "Did you know Mr. Smith was taking Mary Jones for rides?" "Mr. Jones took Mary Smith into Washington this morning." "Mr. Jones—the one who lives second door from you, I think—is taking Mary Smith into town evenings." "Mary Smith went into Washington with Mr. Jones the other night and they did not get back until this morning." "No don't tell his wife, but Mr. Jones has been spending evenings in Washington with Mary Smith, instead of working late at the office." And when the Mrs. Jones finally gets the rumor and asks her husband where he was last night he is puzzled, because he knows of no Mary Jones and actually was studying at the Library of Congress until it closed. He resents his wife's jealousy, and his wife's trust has been weakened just a little. Gossip!

Or there is an automobile accident, and people stand around helplessly waiting for someone to do something. And someone finally does notify the police and call a doctor. Those who appeared at the scene of the accident tell their neighbors about it, adding a few extra details, and rumors are on their way again. "Why don't the cops out here learn first aid?" "The boy bled to death waiting for the ambulance." "The doctors did not show up." "There were four drunk men in the car." "The driver was a young boy. He picked up the bicycle and put it into the back of the car." "The accident occurred at 7 o'clock." "The accident occurred about 10 o'clock." "They caught the driver." On and on the stories spread, growing more grotesque with each retelling, and none of them true. Rumors!

It is the business of the editors of the COOPERATOR to track down rumors in the search for news for your paper. In a period of two months approximately 120 rumors concerning some 20 incidents have reached the attention of this writer. On being checked all but three of these 120 proved groundless. Not a good score for dependability! And while many of these were mere gossip, nearly 50 percent were vicious—so bitter and extreme that they seemed almost started and spread purposefully to harm certain persons and organizations. How little wonder that in certain European countries today the spreading of false rumors has been made a punishable offense!

Don't be guilty of spreading lies about your community. If you hear a rumor about Councilman X, ask him for the truth before you repeat

My Town

By Russ Greenbaum

From time to time this column will offer helpful hints to newcomers to Greenbelt. This week I will toss out a few tips on how to be top dog—in any of the numerous organizations that make life exciting here. I assume, of course, that the fact that you've moved here means you're anxious to join an organization and that you did not come here to be alone. This is the wrong place for isolationists—but a haven for those who want to be gregarious without being nefarious. In fact, GVHC (or is it GHI now) might do well to advertise their homes in the following manner: "Are you lonely? Are you looking for companionship? Do you want someone around who will listen sympathetically while you complain what a louse your husband is? Do you want to feel important by finding out that people are gossiping about you? Then come to Greenbelt where there's no business like your business!"

Actually, one of the main reasons that people join organizations is that the meetings are the best places to pick up the latest dirt. Everyone here knows everyone else because it's the same people who join all the various activities. In the discussions only first names are used so it sometimes takes weeks before a newcomer can fully identify his colleagues. (This, I think, may be a carefully calculated policy.)

But I digress. (This always happens when I eat fried oysters). The question before the house is how do you get in the swim in Greenbelt—or, to put it another way, how do you get to be a civic leader before people find that you're all wet. Let us take a purely mythical organization—the Greenbelt Residents Interested in Promoting Esthetic Relaxation and Socializing (GRIPERS). Let us say you want to become chairman of this new group. (After you've lived here a while, you'll know better than to be a chairman of anything. You'll learn to maneuver for the post of vice-chairman, which identifies you as a big shot in the organization without having to do any work). The first thing you do is to arrive at the meeting on time. Since hardly anyone else will be there, you will stand out immediately. People will also know that you're a newcomer, which marks you as "new blood." This does not mean the oldtimers have "old blood!" They just have tired blood.

Before the meeting begins, you circulate around and ask pointed questions about what the purpose of the organization is. No one will be able to tell you, but you will be marked down as a person who asks intelligent questions. When the discussion begins, say nothing for the first half hour but nod your head sagely and vigorously when key people make resounding statements. You might take notes of all the points that are made which seem to meet with approval. Then at the appropriate moment you arise and abashedly ask, as a newcomer, if you might make a few suggestions. Reading from your notes (which shows that you're a careful thinker) you then propose in summary what has been said by everyone else. Give credit to someone else for at least one of the ideas, and everyone will assume the rest are all yours. Your election is automatic.

The ultimate goal, of course, is to get elected to the city council or the housing corporation (what is their name now?) board of directors. Then you get paid for doing what comes naturally.

— June 20, 1957

the tale with embellishments. It is so easy to prevent unfounded rumors—so impossible to repair their damage.

— August 31, 1939

The Long View

By A. C. Long

What would it be like living in Greenbelt over 200 years ago? A town of this size would probably be the largest white settlement in the new world. Folks who hired Bryan to move them out of town when they didn't want to buy a perpetual-use lease with GVHC would just have packed their belongings on a horse or a wagon. They'd stop by old neighbors for a last goodbye to let them know, "We're a-headin West where a man can be free and there ain't no blankety blank Mutual Housing Corporation. Gotta have elbow room, can't stand all this organizing, committees and such like." And you'd say goodbye knowing that very likely you'd never see them again. Some trapper or woodsman might tell you years later that they settled up near Harper's Ferry or that the Indians wiped them out one night, but they would never drive back to use the swimming pool or attend a church bazaar.

Neighbors who bought a lot in the Lakeside development would be busy chopping down trees and building their snug log cabins, while others would shake their heads and say, "if a man's a-going to build in the woods he ought to go west and get himself some land. There ain't too much danger of Indians over around Rockville, I hear."

Frank Lastner would be a-politicking at Ashelman's General Store and buying an occasional (darned occasional, I'm afraid) mug of hot buttered rum for the few property-owners who could vote. "We got to have a strong guard if we aim to protect ourselves from those scallawag Virginians," he'd say. "Its bad enough the militia have to furnish their own muskets, ball and powder, but I aim to get the Colony to provide them with free tobacco." But there would be some who would mutter, "Damme if he ain't a-aiming for a socialized militia. Whoever heard of giving a man tobacco free just to fight."

George Panagoulis, the town warden, would be making the rounds at night yelling "ten o'clock and all is well, two men in the gaol for debt, three women in the stocks for nagging their husbands and Mistress Blank to be ducked three times tomorrow in Green Belt Lake for being a common scold." (There were some advantages in those days too.)

— May 20, 1954

Mrs. Greenbelt At Home

By Vivian Greenbaum

Like all parents, Russ and I want our children to lead rich, full lives, and we are always encouraging their innocent amusements. They are very inventive, and every day they trot out a new idea for a game. I have catalogued some of these games and am passing them on to you so that your household can enjoy them too.

Their favorite seems to be one which I call "Getting a Rise out of Mother" or "No Holds Barred". Any number can play, and the rules are so uncomplicated that even the youngest child can join in. The child who gets clobbered first by Mother loses, and the game begins all over again. This can be played even (or especially) in the back seat of a car where Mother is handicapped by having to swat over her shoulder using the rear-view mirror as a guide. The really exciting part comes when the car stops for a red light, and Mother temporarily has her eyes and both hands free. A child can display surprising agility at such a time.

Another game that they have is one in which they pretend that the floor is quicksand. The object is to navigate around the room on the furniture, and anyone who touches the floor is o-u-t. They also have

a game that they play at the supper table. It is a highly competitive one and is called "See Who Can Eat the Least Supper and Still Get Dessert". This one slipped by me for a long time until I was made aware of it one night. I was placing dessert in front of the children when Rachelleaned across the table and hissed to Eric: "Hah! I ate two peas less than you did."

After a few of these games, we sometimes play a round of "Twenty Questions". The children start out with fairly simple ones like "Why did they name the first president George Washington?" and "Why is this color blue?" Then they work up to real brain teasers like "Why did you marry Daddy, Mommy?" Or worse, "Why did Daddy marry you?"

I almost forgot another game they play. It's called "On the Way to St. Elizabeth's", but I can't describe it because they keep changing the rules on me.

I don't want you to think that Russ is left out of the family fun. No indeed. Our family practices togetherness, not because we particularly believe in it, but because in a Greenbelt house it's impossible to do otherwise. Eric initiated a new game, which, if it continues, I will call "Dilly, Dilly, Come and get Killed". The game really got started because of a habit Russ has. Somewhere he heard that when Houdini used to return home he would toss his hat through the door first. If the hat was allowed to remain, he knew it was safe to enter, but if the hat came sailing out he knew he'd better seek a more temperate climate elsewhere. Russ has long realized that you just don't open the door and walk into our house; you approach it with caution. He doesn't wear a hat so he pokes his head into the door to size up the situation. Yesterday Eric was waiting on the other side of that door, and with precision timing, it was slammed on Daddy's neck.

I think Russ would do better to buy a hat.

— January 28, 1960

The Editor's Notebook

by Harry Zubkoff

Normally, I welcome expressions from interested readers about items which appear in the News Review. True, most of the people who call me do so to register a complaint—they don't like this article or that one, they disagree with the editorial, or they would like to point out some glaring errors. Occasionally, I must admit, their observations have some validity, and, poor mortals that we are, mistakes do get by once in a while. (The majority of mistakes that are blamed on us are made by the printer of course.) But, like I said, I do indeed welcome comments and criticisms from our readers — although it would be nice if only once someone would call to say something nice.

But really now, you have to draw the line somewhere. Despite a lot of opinion to the contrary, I do sleep. I expect, and get, lots of calls on Thursday evenings right after the paper is delivered, and that's okay. In fact, I'd worry if I didn't get any calls. But why do some people have to wait till midnight or later to call? Maybe it takes them that long to work up their courage—and maybe you don't think they'll need all the courage they can get the next time they call after midnight! Some people, I guess, must brood about their problems all night because they wait until 6 or 7 a.m. to call me. Of course, I have to get up anyway to answer the phone, but in my early morning semi-conscious state, conversations and complaints somehow fail to enchant me, and I'm sure my responses to indignant questions are something less than intelligible.

There is a happy compromise. Call me any time in the evening, during the commercials on television when you're in a hurry to get back to the screen for the climax of the show you're watching. Then we'll all be happy, and can discuss our problems at length and at leisure.

— August 6, 1959

TV Comes To Greenbelt

CINEMATTERS

by I. J. Parker

It is apparent to anyone riding around Greenbelt lately that our "skyline" has changed considerably. I mean the television aerials that have appeared almost overnight in such clusters. Television has brought with it a whole new way of life as anyone fortunate enough to own a television set can testify.

First, getting accustomed to viewing television in your own home requires some adjustment. One friend, so long in the habit of watching the fights on the set in his favorite bar, can only watch his own set by standing at right angles to the set, twisting his neck and putting one foot up on the first shelf of his bookcase.

One family uses the set as an inducement for getting the children to eat their dinners. What Gesell couldn't do, "Howdy Doody" did!

Another friend reports that he lived in his court for a year and never met any of his neighbors. After acquiring a television set, he gave up using Mum, quit reading Dale Carnegie and discarded his file of Henny Youngman jokes. His house is now jammed every night with neighbors dropping in to see his set.

The few programs I have been able to view (due to the kindness of a friendly neighbor) have been quite enlightening. Vaudeville has returned! Back from the grave have come the juggling acts, the acrobats, the comedy routines, and the magician. It is a sweet revenge. Movies killed vaudeville, and vaudeville in the armor of television is slowly gaining strength and soon will prove the medium that will put movies as we know them today to a peaceful rest.

— January 20, 1949

COMMENTS

By Harry M. Zubkoff

So you make the big decision
And you sign the fatal check,
And the dealer, with derision
Tells you - now you're stuck, by heck!

Then you chuckle, but with sadness,
After all, it wasn't hay,
But your kids greet you with gladness,
What a happy, fateful day.

Ah, but little do you realize,
How the hordes will learn to swarm,
Ah, if only you could realize
'Tis the lull before the storm.

Every night at dinner time,
All the children get in line,
Kicking, scratching, pushing, biting,
Yelling, screaming, crying, fighting,
Suffering with Hopalong,
Right must always conquer Wrong.

Ah, your happy little home,
Gone forever after more,
Things will never be the same
As they used to be before.

Every night, about at nine,
All the neighbors get in line,
Laughing, talking, cracking jokes,
Pounding you with friendly pokes,
Criticising every show,
Helping you to spend your dough.
Ah, if you could lock your door,
Welcome friends in, nevermore,
But you know you never can,
We are all more mouse than man,
Resign yourself, you'll never see
Anything on your T. V.

— June 29, 1950

WE GET LETTERS . . .

Over the years, some of the liveliest reading in the newspaper has been found in the column devoted to Letters to the Editor. We reprint a few choice excerpts below.

"There has been quite a bit of comment about dogs not being allowed in Greenbelt. I don't believe the average person understands the layout and condition of our community. They only seem to mention dogs. If one person is permitted to have a dog, his neighbor should be allowed to have a cat, or any animal whatever. Then what would happen? The dogs and cats would fight with each other. In the early hours of the morning it is not so easy to shut up a cat serenade. How a cat loves to prowl and howl all night!" (1937)

"Since the Cooperator has been in existence we have put out some pretty lousy issues but last week's issue really takes the cake. It stunk." (From a former staff member. 1940)

"From the nature of one of your letters in last week's Cooperator, I suggest that 'Old-Timer' may shortly need the services of the hospital he criticizes for an operation for atrophy of the brain.

"It surprises me that 'Old-Timer' doesn't propose that we feed our children hay instead of milk and eggs, as another economy measure. And, if 'Old-Timer' has any children, he would probably contend that it would be much cheaper to shoot them if they break their legs than pay the hospital bill.

"Despite the fact that the hospital has shown a deficit since its inception, I contend that an annual loss of \$11,000 is justified if having the hospital in Greenbelt results in the saving of only one life per year—even if that one life is 'Old-Timer's'. ('Peter Rabbit'. 1941)

"Please inform the Food Store that if they're going to charge 12½¢ for an avocado pear, they should at least choose pears that aren't spoiled rotten, because after all, we can't open the pears in the store to see if they are fresh.

"And, why do Greenbelt mothers have to wait at our up-to-date soda fountain while the clerks carry on extended conversation with high-school girls who have nothing else to do." ('A Consumer.' 1941)

"I am writing to voice a protest against a phrase in your recent editorial on the subject of fires started by children. I feel it is most unfair to Greenbelt parents to imply that the thoughtlessness of children in these cases is due to the negligence of parents. It certainly shows little knowledge of children. If they heeded everything we tried to teach them, what a simple process education would be!

"If, from your experience, you can offer any suggestions for making instruction along this line more effective, I am sure we all shall deeply appreciate it. If not, I must say I think you are a little free in your choice of adjectives (A 'Negligent Parent'. 1943)

"After reading your minutely detailed and unfortunately inaccurate report of a routine meeting of the board of directors of the Greenbelt Health Association and after receiving several telephone calls from members of the association in regard thereto, we feel it necessary to bring to the attention of your readers, as well as the editor of the Cooperator, a true report of at least one of the gross inaccuracies of your account . . ." (1944)

"Concerning this pet question: all I have to say is that I have yet to see the cat or small dog that can compare with some of the dirty, ill-mannered, unwanted children that roam around this town.

"As for the 'sandpiles being defiled by animals,' to quote your biased editorial, 'What Price Pets,' what nonsense! Have you ever been present when one of the future juvenile delinquents have removed their panties and gone to the bathroom in said sandpiles? Or decided to water the flowers on the side of the neighbor's house?

"Such things are permitted, no doubt, because the poor darlings can't find the way to the bathrooms in their own homes anyway, what with the filth all over the house and mama sitting on her fanny, (where she's been most of the day) reading the latest issue of 'True Romances' or 'Wowsey Detective.'" ('Disgusted Resident.' 1949)

"Disgusted Resident' seems to have no time to inspect her own yard and home interior, what with all the wonderful leisure she seems to possess in looking around Greenbelt's playgrounds and backyards for the sole purpose of observing children's toilet habits. Does she suppose that our town being overrun with dogs and cats can change these habits? Or would these habits practiced by both humans and animals improve the situation?" ('Contented Resident,' 1949)

"Contrasts are always interesting and this quality in the editorial policy of the Cooperator, which viciously smears anyone who criticizes the machinations of the GCS clique with vitriolic and venomous 'editorials and news stories,' but is mute and inarticulate when faced with evidence of non-co-op behavior of the management of this monopoly in Greenbelt, is amusing to say the least." (1950)

"I am amazed that the lack of an adequate recreational program in Greenbelt has not evoked more cries of pain or anger in public than there have been. Perhaps we all cry privately. It appears more polite and is less embarrassing. At the risk of appearing impolite and embarrassing the City Council, I weep publicly for our lost recreational programs of years gone by for they are dead. Killed by ignorance and indifference, the greatest killers of them all—even greater than 'we must reduce the tax rate.'

"We could reduce the tax rate to nothing by providing nothing in the way of services. Then each of us could get drinking water from the lake, dump our garbage into the street, educate our own children and individually provide our own recreational facilities in the living room or in the streets, if the TV was out of order . . ." ('Interested Citizen.' 1956)

"Before Mr. M— collects any more commendations for his Clean-up Campaign, I wish he would inspect 'Tobacco Road' Park in front of Apartments 15-17-19-21 Parkway.

"If this GUZZLE GLEN passes his inspection, I should personally like to add to his commendations by awarding him the ROYAL ORDER OF SCATTERED PAPER WITH RUSTY BEER CAN CLUSTER." (1958)

"The record of year after year of continuance of the News Review on a volunteer staff basis is cause to marvel. Few persons can appreciate the many dedicated hours of work that you and your associates and their predecessors have placed into such accomplishment." (1960)

"Greenbelt is a city of many organizations, interests, and activities. The News Review is the communicating link presenting in one source the information needed to keep the people of the community aware of the developments that are of interest or concern to them.

"Without the News Review, our understanding of the life of this community, and our role in it, would be inadequate." (1960)

D. C. PRESS from page 3

think of Greenbelt wives not being permitted to have babies unless the Administration gives its official okay?" Needless to say the Citizen expostulated. With his back to the wall he denied all.

"But", the executive protested haughtily, "read your morning paper if you doubt me! The things been done and there's nothing you can do about it!" And with a searching look of profound pity he stepped serenely on.

When the underling dazedly read that story upon which so much hung in the balance, he found only one bit of fact. Stuck precariously at the end of a lengthy article was a wee sentence, briefly mentioning the limitation of residents to three, four, five or six room Greenbelt homes.

The employee could not find it in his heart to blame the official for arriving at his hasty conclusion. It was apparent the gentleman had garnered his delusions from the embellishment of the story — not the facts.

The most recent blast is a piece of editorial whimsy printed in an evening edition a few days ago, dealing with the Greenbelt residents who proposed one week each month to be set aside as "Stay-at-home week", in which all public meetings would be cancelled.

The editorial then went on to express this sentiment: "Where are the Nation's vast experiments in regimentation to end, if in the model closest to the Capital, citizens unanimously prefer staying at home and minding their own business to organizing details of their own and their neighbors' lives?"

Some, however, may ask:

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"What has the formation of our Health Association, Boy and Girl Scout groups, Citizen's Association, Adult Art Class, Young People's Society, and Junior Choir, got to do with 'minding our own business' and 'organizing other people's lives'?"

We might answer "Nothing, except for the civic good".

But the majority may pop the too true fact that this same editorial has set itself up as the proper model to follow when meddling in other folk's business.

— December 15, 1938

From our fabulous collection
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New Colorful Holiday Party Platter

This ample 13" fine china platter is ideal for hors d'oeuvres, buffet dishes, sandwiches and cookies.
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Stop The Presses!

News Items From The Silly Season

McDonald Gives Reasons For Long Silence

During the city council deliberations on the re-zoning petition last Tuesday, city manager Charles McDonald asked to be heard. Not having spoken much before this, one councilman inquired as to the reason.

McDonald admitted that his laryngitis had mildly returned, but also gave this following reason: After a very lengthy courtship a young man had finally got up enough nerve to pop the question. "Will you marry me," he asked. "Yes," she replied. There followed a continued silence of many minutes. "Why don't you say something?" she asked. "I think I've said too much already," he answered.

March 8, 1956

"Don't Fence Me In!"

By Al Skolnik

Concerned about reports that adventurous young children were climbing under and over the newly-erected fences along the Washington-Baltimore Freeway, David Kane, GVHC's maintenance superintendent, undertook to discover the cause of the attraction.

"Well," said one small boy, "We like to watch the cars go by." Another chimed in "My mother often goes with us to sit on the guard rails and wave at the passing cars."

Exasperated, Dave asked, "What in the world do you think the fence was put up for?"

"Why," came the prompt reply. "We thought it was to keep people out of Greenbelt!"

— April 28, 1955

\$100 Fund Brings 756,000 Jan Beetles

Greenbelt children, neglecting the playgrounds and swimming pool,

have turned to the more lucrative past-time of beetle-collecting, receiving 25 cents for each quart turned in to Head Gardener Angus McGregor.

The successful gatherer of the necessary quart of beetles hies himself to Angus McGregor's office, and after gaining admittance holds his bottle under the gardener's nose. After the top has been more tightly screwed on, enclosing the odor with the beetles, and after the name and address of the young huntsman has been secured,

he is given a slip of paper to be redeemed by the bearer at the Administration Office for 25 cents.

"That makes 216 quarts, and 756,000 beetles," figures Mr. McGregor on the scratch pad on his desk. Incidentally, it's also \$54 of the \$100 appropriated, two weeks ago by Town Council. No provision has been made for the millions of beetles remaining after the \$100 runs out.

— July 3, 1942

House Painted Pink Is Favored In Poll

by Elaine Skolnik

They'll show envy with green, Messrs. Gallup and Bean; When they read the score,

They'll shout, "Outscoped for he homeowner should submit his plans for approval to the corporation or a Committee set up for this purpose."

Your reporter asked, On Tuesday just past, "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE HOUSE PAINTED PINK?"

In one hour's time Fifty said, "Just divine,"

With six, Chorus, "No . . . no . . . nix!" And five not knowing where to lean, Decided they were in between

Many of those answering in the affirmative shared this woman's view: "Yes, I think the home enhances Greenbelt. It shows what can be done to improve our property. However, before painting,

Some vehemently stated, "Individuality should be expressed — no strings attached." Another comment — "This home is beautiful. Why doesn't the corporation clamp down on some of the unsightly homes in Greenbelt—and there are many—instead of spending their energies castigating a member for improving hers?"

The majority of those answering "no" expressed this view: "The corporation's rules and regulations must be abided by." One dissenter said, "Georgetown colors belong in Georgetown." — November 10, 1960

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